

MERRYFIELD's JESTS; OR, WIT's COMPANION.

CONTAINING

All the Fun and all the Humour, all the Learning,
and all the Judgment, which have lately flowed
from the Universities, the Theatres, from the
Beef Steak Club, from the Spouting Clubs,
and Choice Spirits Clubs.

CONTAINING ALL THE FASHIONABLE

JESTS,
EPIGRAMS,
COMICAL HUMBUGS,
DROLL NARRATIONS,
HUMOROUS JOKES,
MERRY TALES,

WITTY SAYINGS.
SMART REPORTEES.
NEW ADVENTURES,
BON MOTS,
IRISH BULLS,
WITTICISMS.

Which will expel Care, drown Grief, banish the
Spleen, improve the Wit, create Mirth, en-
tertain Company, and give the Reader a light
Heart and a cheerful countenance.

*Wit a thousand different Shapes it bears,
And comely in a thousand Shapes appears.* COWLEY.

Life's a Jest.

GAY.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. ROACH, WOBURN
STREET, NEW DRURY THEATRE ROYAL.

1795.

MERRYFIELD TESTS

WILLIAMSON

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MERRYFIELD'S JESTS;

OR,

WIT'S COMPANION.

A Certain great man having a good living vacant, by the death of a former incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring clergymen of great learning, for the next presentation, all whom he refused, because they could not inform him who was Melchisadec's father, of which a young fellow of a college in Oxford hearing, he came to the great man, and ask'd it for himself; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was Melchisadec's father, you may stand a good chance. "That I'll do instantly," replied the young gentleman, "and who was his mother too. And putting his hand in one pocket, pulls out a purse of guineas, saying, there is his father, my lord; then turning his hand to the other pocket, took another purse, and this, my lord, is his mother, says he. *Well,* answer'd his lordship, "this is something to the purpose, I confess; let me only count the syllables of their names and if they are right, you shall have the living."

One of the comedians walking down Bow-street, Covent-garden, saw a poor miserable object asking charity; he stop'd and reliev'd him, saying at the same time, "this man must either be in very great distress, or a very good actor."

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A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends, for deserting them. To excuse himself he assured them he should never have done it, "but for seven reasons;" being asked what they were? He answer'd, "a wife and six children."

A wag merrily told Mr. Cibber, when his print of Mr. Pope and the coffee-house girl came out, that he had publish'd Pope's Essay on Woman.

At the long room at Bath, a lady that affected great modesty, was accidentally seated next to Lady Vane; which she no sooner knew, than she edged away from her as far as the room would give her leave, which Lady Vane perceiv'ing, said softly to her, "pray, madam, is whoring catching?"

A countryman of a merry disposition, being inclined to joke with one of his neighbours; Hodge, says he, "how many cuckolds do you think there are in our town," excepting yourself? "Excepting myself! What do you mean by that?" quoth Hodge. "Nay, don't be angry," says the other; "how many are there then including yourself?"

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mate to go down and fetch a can of small beer; Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. "Arrah, by my shoul," says he; "and so while I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail and leave me behind."

A woman whose husband was ill, went to Dr. Ratcliff with some of his urine in a urinal, to desire him to prescribe for him. The doctor took the urinal out of the woman's hand, and after emptying it, made water in it himself. He then asked what trade her husband was of? She answered a shoe-maker: why then, said the doctor, do you take this water

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water of mine to him, "and if he can fit me with a pair of boots, by looking at it, then will I prescribe for him by looking at his water."

Dr. Johnson happening to sit in a coffee-room, where a dog was very troublesome, he bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said, if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. Sir, said a young coxcomb, I perceive you are not fond of dogs. No, said the doctor, *nor of puppies neither.*

A citizen's wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many goslings: *how is it possible*, said she, *that one goose should suckle so many goslings?*

A sea captain, being just come a-shore, was invited by some gentlemen to a hunting-match. After the sport was over, he gave his friends this particular account of what pastime he had: "our horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them, and the wind being at S. W. twenty of us being in company, away we set over the downs. In the time of half a watch we spied a hare under a full gale; we tacked, and stood after her; coming up close, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; but getting close, off I stood after her again; but, as the Devil would have it, just about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, I and my horse over-set, and came keel upwards."

An Irishman went to a "shoemaker's shop," and told the master he wanted to buy a pair of shoes. Accordingly he handed him a pair with the toe of one (as usual) thrust into the other. The Irishman put on his old shoes again in a great passion, and told the shoemaker "he was a sheathing knave, to offer him a pair of brogues that the little one was big enough to hold the great one in his belly."

A woman that drank pretty freely of the juniper, having been married some years and never had any children, seeing her husband (who was a gardener) sowing some carrot-seeds; John, says she, 'tis very strange, that the seed you sow here should come to perfection, when the seed you sow in the bed above stairs should come to nothing. *Wife*, replies the gardner, "the reason is because my good seed is too much watered."

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying he flounced over head and ears: why, you rogue, says he, did not you tell me it might be passed over? "indeed, Sir," says he, I "thought so, for my *geese* go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose."

A lord-lieutenant going over to Ireland, with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken by so violent a storm, that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every instant that she would either founder or go a-shore. At this juncture a sailor observing that one of the menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin-door, came up to him and asked him "if ever he had lain with a dutchess?" No, says the poor fellow, frightened at such waggery, in such a dangerous time; "why then" says the tar, "you have that pleasure to come; for by G—d we shall all lie with her grace in less than half an hour." The duke who over-heard this, when the storm abated and the danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the joke for the sake of his wit.

"How unnatural a sight it is, *said* Tom Brown, to "see a parson with a ruby face and a double chin, preaching up abstinence in Lent."

A certain member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers,
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grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory ; and accordingly watched for an opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself : it was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute ; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows : “ Mr. Speaker—Have we *laws*, or have we not *laws* ?—If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those *laws* made ? ”—So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence ; when another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words : Mr. Speaker—Did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the *purpose*, or not speak to the *purpose* ? If he did not speak to the *purpose*, to what *purpose* did he speak ? ”—Which apropos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

When Lord Chesterfield's letters were published, a gentleman asked Dr. Johnson, whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world ? *O yes, Sir, says Johnson, very much so ; they inculcate the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master.*

An eminent counsellor at law being retained in an affair of a mortgage, did his utmost in behalf of his client, and supported his cause with great eloquence. But a remarkable circumstance appearing in the course of the evidence, which proved his client to be a very bad man, the judge could not help saying to the counsellor, Well, Sir, what think you of your client now ? To which the counsellor replied ; “ why, to tell you the truth, my lord, I find it is not my client's interest to pay the *principal*, and I am afraid he has not *principle* to pay the interest.”

A poor clergyman applied to a certain nobleman, who had a living in his gift at that time vacant ; and, in order to succeed, said he had a wife and seven children. Why, says

says the nobleman, I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious man, but in this affair you have acted very imprudently ; for you have began at the wrong end. The clergyman begged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really had always done his best to live. " Why " says the peer, " you should have got the living first, and the children afterwards."

A well-beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which last he said he kept entirely to himself. The company in general dispised him too much to make any remarks on his egotisms; but Quin being of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty, yellow hands, he immediately called out, " so, so, doctor, I think you do keep *glebe* in your own hands."

An English and French gentleman had a dispute which nation most excelled in wit ; the English gentleman insisted that it was common amongst the very mob ; and to convince Monsieur of the English superiority, he carried him to Charing-cross, where a man then stood in the pillory for keeping a disorderly house ; but the populace looking on it as an inconsiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature ; therefore the fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillory sometimes higher, and then let it lower again, just to suit himself. Upon which, one of the spectators, who stood there with a load upon his head, seeing the offender so dextrous said " D——n 'tis my opinion this fellow has served his time to the pillory, he is so handy about it." To which a droll rogue in a leather apron replied, " served his time to it ? You may be sure he has ; don't you see he is *set up* for himself ? Set up ? *says another*, how can that be set up, when he stands ? *Why you foolish dog, rejoined he who spoke second*, " don't you

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you know it is a *standing* business." And now a fellow in a woollen-cap calls out to the man in the pillory, "harkee cocky, *says he*, had you not rather the jokes should fly about than the rotten eggs? Aye, sure, master, *replies the man*, though it was on account of some sort of jokes I got my head into this hole." At this time a barrow-woman added one more to the assembly; when a porter accosts her with *Well, Moll, what brought you here?* To which she returned, *Curiosity and my legs, Jack; now I hope the fool's answered.* Fool! *says the fellow*, what do you mean by that, you slut? *Why*, rejoined she, you must be a fool, because you can neither read nor write. *Very true*, answered the porter, *but I can set my mark*; and immediately striking her in the face, gave her a black eye: this brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when the Frenchman seeing the English fight like bull-dogs, said, the English shine in war as well as wit.

A gentleman was joking with a physician, in the presence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the facultys' wearings sword, saying he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be rather a dress of gravity than gaiety, and therefore they should leave the sword to the military and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom; and upon being ask'd his reasons for it, he replied, "in order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of friends and the relations of the many patients they send out of the world."

In the time of the wars between the duke of Marlborough's army and the French, in the reign of queen Anne, it was constant practice with the French court to cause illuminations and bonfires to be made in Paris after every battle, whether their army got the victory or not, in order to keep up the spirits of the people. And once, when the English had totally defeated the French, and great illuminations were made as usual as a marshal of France merrily said, "by my honour, the people of our nation are
like

like flint stones, the more you beat them the more fire they make."

Mr. Chiswick was presented to a good living by my Lord Chancellor; on his waiting on my lord, to thank him for his kindness, the chancellor and his lady joked the parson on his soon altering his state, and taking to him a wife; — *No, my lord, says Chiswick, you have given me plenty, and I'll take care to have peace.*

Lady *** spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent run of small beer, and ask'd him how it might be best preserv'd? *I know no method so effectual, my lady, replies the butler, as placing a barrel of good ale by it.*

A highwaymen presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in a chariot, demanded his money with the usual compliment; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss by what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart, says the highwayman, and gave it to the gentleman, who instantly turn'd the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him. *That you may if you can, replied the highwayman, for I promise you it is not loaded;* and rode off very coolly with his booty.

When beau Nash was in Italy, he was mistaken for a physician, and as doctor is almost as good a name to travel with as that of captain, he readily answered to it. It happened at this time that a cardinal, eminent for this charity and moderation, as well as learning, was in a declining way, and given over by his physicians; and hearing that an English physician was in town, and concluding that some medicines, or a knowledge of the disease he was afflicted with might be discovered in England, which had escaped the observation of the Italians, he sent for Dr. Nash. Our
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new dubbed physician, who wanted neither countenance nor address, waited on his eminence; and finding him afflicted with a complaint which he had seen cured by a mighty simple remedy in the west of England, he ventured to assure the cardinal, that he could give him relief. The cardinal, desirous to know by what means; "It is, replied Nash, by a water, as much esteemed in my country as holy water is in yours; and tho' the flavour may not be so grateful, I will engage for its efficacy." The cardinal smiled, and directly put himself under our doctor's care. Dr. Nash supplied his patient with this water of life every morning and evening for near five weeks; in which time the cardinal most miraculously recovered. Finding himself so well, he one day sent for the doctor to dine with him; and after making him a noble present for his attendance, he begged the favour of Nash to oblige him with a recipe to make the water, or at least to let him know where he might be able to get it, in case his disorder should return after his departure for England. Sir, says Nash, I always intended to oblige your eminence with my secret; but there is another party concerned with me in the medicine, whose consent I know I can obtain; and as it is a fine day, if you will do me the honour of your company, we will take a ride to my coadjutor, and finally settle the affair. The cardinal greatly rejoiced at the candour, generosity, and friendship of his physician, and not a little pleased with the benefit he had received from the medicine, ordered his horses to be got ready, and rode out with Nash, who led him into the country, where there was plenty of pasture ground and many cows. Here, says Nash, we are to alight. Then taking a pint-cup out of his pocket he waited for an opportunity, and, from the first cow that staled, he caught the cardinal a dose of his cordial water, and presenting it to him, "this, Sir, says he, is my medicine, and that is your apothecary, whom you may use as occasion shall require." The cardinal laughed excessively, and tasting the fluid, and finding it the very same which he had been drinking so long and with such success, called it the blessed water, and desired leave of his doctor

doctor to make it public for the benefit of mankind. Nash consented; but as this adventure gained him among his acquaintance the name of the cow-doctor, he seldom heard it repeated with complacency and temper. This medicine is now in Italy, as well as England, called the *All-Flower Water*.

Quin's kindness to Mr. Thomson, author of the *Seasons*, &c. is too universally known to need mentioning here. As they were sitting together one night, Thomson, after expressing his gratitude for the many favours he had received, cried out, "well, Quin, now I cannot see how you can do any thing more for me except *chewing* the bread you have given me." "Have a care, my friend, says Quin, do not trust me with that, for if I once come to chewing, I will be damn'd if I do not *swallow* it."

The late Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog. went too a bull-beating near Hockley-in-the-Hole. The bull (being true game) gave a great deal of sport, and foil'd every dog that attacked him.—At last, old Towzer, whose owner (a butcher in Clare-market) stood close to the prince, fairly pinn'd the bull—At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *See there, Mr. Prince, that is my dog, rot me if it 'ent.*

Voltaire having lampooned a nobleman, was one night in his way home intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious wit. Upon which he applied to the duke of Orleans, who was then regent, and begg'd him to do justice in the affair: Sir, replied the regent, *Smiling, it has been done already.*

A Welchman seeing his master tearing some letters, pray, Sir, give hur one, says he, no matter which, to send to hur friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.

A country

A country 'Squire being in company with his mistress, and wanting his servant, cried out, "where is my block-head? upon your shoulders, said the lady.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy; resolutely answered, I have hid him. This frank confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed, could save her from torture. And will that do, Sir? says the lady. Yes replied the king, I have given my word for it. "Then," "says she," I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies, and turned aside the king's resentment.

The old lord Stamford taking a bottle with the parson of the parish, was commending his own wine. Here, doctor, said he, I can send a couple of ho—ho—ho—hounds to Fra—Fra—France, (for his lordship had a great impediment in his speech) and have a ho—ho—hoghead of wine for 'em. What do you say to that, doctor? "why," my lord," replies the doctor, "I think your lordship has your wine" "dog-cheap."

A person having two very wicked sons, one of whom robbed him of his money, the other of his goods, his neighbour came in to condole his misfortune, when one of them told him, "he might sue the hundred for the loss, as he had been robbed between son and son."

A dyer in a court of justice being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; "take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him. "Put on your spectacles," my lord," answered the dyer.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who had stolen a trifling trinket, desired the prosecutor to value it at ten-pence: upon which he cried out, ten-pence, my lord! Why the very Fashion of it cost me ten times the sum, "Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

B

King

King Charles paying a visit to the marquis of Worcester, at Ragland-castle, his majesty's desired to see the great tower where his lordship kept his treasure; he therefore spoke to Dr. Bailly, then standing by him, to fetch the keys, who acquainted the marquis with the king's pleasure, but he brought them himself to the king, in order to shew him the tower; when his majesty observing the marquis coming with the keys, said to him, "my lord, there are some men so unreasonable as to make me believe, that your lordship hath yet great store of gold left within this tower, but I knowing how I have exhausted you, together with your own occasions, could never have believed it, had I not seen that you will not trust the keys out of your hand." To which the marquis very humurously replied, "I was so far from giving your majesty just occasion for such a thought by this tender of my duty, that I protest I was once resolved that your majesty should have lain there, but that I was loth to "commit your majesty to the Tower."

The same nobleman once took a new servant into the family to wait on him, and this man had the misfortune to think himself wiser than he was thought by others, inasmuch that on a certain occasion, he told the marquis he had not acted wisely; and that if he were the marquis, he would have have done so and so. The marquis, in return to this impertinence, only made the following gentle reply, "could I find a servant who was wiser than his master, I would give gold for such a one; but I would not give a rush for one that *"thinks himself wiser than his master."*

A lady of great quality in the above king's time gave into a very free indulgence of pleasures, even to a vicious degree; so that a very worthy clergyman admonished her to a change of conduct, urging the vanity of all human things as set forth by Solomon: In answer to which she very angrily replied, Don't tell me of Solomon, Solomon, never said they were vanity until he had tried them all, and even so will I, and then will give you my opinion of them. Upon hearing which, king Charles merrily observed, "that the lady seemed to be led more by sense than faith."

The

The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Nash, placed a full-length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope; upon which occasion the earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty epigram.

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the satire Strength;
Wisdom and *wit* are little seen,
But *folly* at full length.

An intimate friend of beau Nash's having greatly hurt his constitution by irregularities, and particularly by drinking and late hours. Nash cautioned him to leave off his irregular conduct in time, and above all, to avoid excessive drinking and sitting up late. The gentleman took his advice kindly, and observed it pretty well; but it happened one night, that the company were more than ordinarily agreeable, and when it grew late, Nash got up to go, and jogged his friend for that purpose. Upon which the gentleman said, Faith, Nash, I have observed your lesson a good while; but the company is now so agreeable, that my resolution is quite gone, and I must stay. "I ask your pardon, Sir," replied Nash, "I am sure, if your resolution is gone, it is time for you to go too?" and so hurried him off.

A Cantabrigian being arrived in town, went to a tavern in Fleet-street, in order to send for a friend and sup; but being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the waiter fetch him a *little porter* immediately; upon which the lad ran to the *Temple*, and presently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket-porter, telling the gentleman, he was the *least porter* he could meet with.

One asked his friend, why he, so proper a man himself, married so small a wife; *Why*, said he, "I thought you had known, that of all evils one should chuse the least."

B 2

A young

A young gentleman, who had an inclination to get upon the stage, applied to Mr. Rich, who desired him to speak some lines of tragedy, in the famous soliloquy of Hamlet. The gentleman began in a very disagreeable manner, "to be, or not to be, that is the question—Not to be," says Rich, and so left him to rant by himself.

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar knowing him to be a coward, said, "he had best take heed; the next time he ran away, how he look'd back."

A young lady having been lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said, "What, my dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself." "No, my dear," replied the husband, "I'll get up and rest myself."

A gentleman calling for small beer at a friend's table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the servant, without drinking. "What!" said the master of the house, "don't you like the beer? it is not to be found fault with." "No," answer'd the other, "we should never speak ill of the dead."

A lawyer's clerk was in love with an extreme pretty girl, courted her, and agreed to marry her. The wedding entertainment was provided, and amongst others, the clerk's master was invited. In the heat of dancing, a sigh, caused by indigestion, or windy food, escaped the bride the contrary way, and loud enough to be heard by all the company, who burst into laughter: she blushed, and the bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the match, to which no remonstrances or intreaties could reconcile him, he imagining his acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon this accident, and he left the house in a pet. Great was now the disorder of the guests! The Clerk's master, who was one of them, and though a man in years had eyed the girl with great attention, and was smitten with her beauty, not only condemned his clerk's excessive delicacy, but proposed to repair the injury he had done the girl, and offered her marriage on the spot. Piqued at her lover's desertion, and pressed by

by her friends, who foresaw the advantages of such a match, she consented and were married immediately. After marriage, she behaved to him with so much modesty and discretion, that dying soon after, he left her mistress of a very opulent fortune. Being now a widow, handsome, young, and rich, she had many offers of marriage, but accepted only the Marshal de l'Hospital, governor of Paris; who also dying soon after, left her once more a widow, though with greater additions of honour than of fortune. Her person and character were now so amiable, that Casimir, king of Poland, residing in France after his abdication of the throne, fell in love with her, and married her. So great a fortune perhaps never took its rise from so burlesque an incident.

A Templar went at Christmas into Yorkshire, and took some other Templars along with him, and upon one of the holidays he would have them to an ale-house hard by, where the woman was deaf; so coming thither, O, my young master, says she, I have not seen you these seven years: then he thinking to abuse her, drank to her, saying, Here's to thee, and to all the whores, rogues, and bawds in England: she seeing his lips go, and could not hear him, said, Come, Sir, I will pledge you, for I know you drank to your father and mother, and those good gentlewomen your sisters.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? Who answered, "because there was an hole on the other side."

One coming alone late one night, was stopped by the constable, who asked him what he did out so late, and what was his name? My name says he, is "Twenty Shillings." Where do you live? says the Constable. I live, says he, out of the king's dominions. So, says the Constable, where have you been? Says he again, Where you would have been with all your heart. It may be so, says the Constable; but where are you going? Where you dare not go for your ears. I do not intend it, says the Constable, to-night, but you shall go to the Compter. The next morn-

ing he was brought before a magistrate, who checked him for answering the Constable so crossly, Sir, says he, "it was partly the truth. As to the first question, my name is *Mark Noble*. To the second, I live in *Little Britain*. To the third, I had been drinking a glass of good sack. And to the last, I was going to bed with my wife." So for the joke-fake he was dismissed without fees.

A poet was going over Lincoln's Inn Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The poet ask'd him by what authority he went a begging? Sir, said the soldier, I have a licence: "a licence!" said the poet, "lice I conceive thou may'st have, but sense thou hast none, to beg money of a poet."

In Bourdeaux, a gentleman being in his vineyard, saw some hogs there, and in a great passion swore they belonged to some cuckold, cuckold-maker, rogue, villain, or rascal, and bid his man go turn them out. His man, hearing what his master said, returned, crying, Hold, Sir, hold, "the hogs are your own. The devil they are, *says he*, so much the better, I cannot help what I said, for it is as many an honest man's case."

Two Welshmen at an inn had a dozen of eggs for breakfast; and after they had paid, and gone a mile out of town, one said to the other, he was glad he was there, for hur did sheat hur landlord this morning; for in hur shix eggs, which hur had, hur had two shickens, and hur paid never a varding for them.

A young fellow who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasions; says the spark, with a sneer, "there is no great danger, I suppose it is only a breeding qualm;" Sir, says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone, the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years. Pardon me, replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks,
and

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and was willing to palliate the offence; she looks so young and so innocent, that I really took her for a maid.

One who was formerly in good circumstances, but had squandered away his estate, and had left himself no more necessaries than a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and other such lumber, seeing a gang of thieves endeavouring to break into the house one night, he bawled out to them; "are you not a damn'd pack of fools, to think to find any thing here in the dark, when I can find nothing by day-light."

Two ladies just returned from Bath, were telling a gentleman how well they lik'd the place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been very ill, and receiv'd great benefit from the waters: but pray, Madam, what do you go for? said he to the second. *Mere wantonness*, replied she; *And, pray Madam, did it cure you?*

A drunken fellow having made away with all his goods, except his feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which being reproved by some friends, *phoo*, says he, "I am very well, thank God, and why shou'd I keep my bed?"

In a cause tried at the King's Bench, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, who had a good stock of assurance, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper-nose. "Why Sir, said he, by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my *copper-nose* for your *brass-face*."

A droll fellow who had a wooden-leg, being in company with one who was somewhat soft and credulous, the latter ask'd the former, how he came to have a wooden-leg? *Why*, says the fellow, "my father had one, and my grandfather before him; it runs in the blood."

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpris'd to find that he punctually paid him; the

the same person being soon after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, "no" said the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time."

King Charles II. coming through Shoreditch, from Newmarket, observed a wall lately made of horns there, which is common in the road, and bid Lord Rochester, who was with him in the coach, take notice of it. "Ah, Sir, said he, the citizens have been laying their heads together to mend the way against your majesty came by."

A scholar declaiming in a College-hall, having a bad memory, was at a stand, and, in a low voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out; *no*, says the other, *methinks you are out enough already*.

A great lord, who had run himself over head and ears in debt, and seeming quite easy about the matter, was asked one day by a friend, how he could sleep so well, when he was so much in Debt? *For my part*, replied my lord, "I sleep very well! but I wonder how my creditors can!"

A schoolmaster ask'd one of his boys in a sharp winter-morning, what was *Latin* for Cold? The boy hesitating a little, the master said, What, sirrah, can't you tell? *Yes*, Sir, says the boy, *I have it at my fingers end*.

Mr. Pope, being at dinner with a noble duke, had his own servant in livery waiting upon him; the duke ask'd, Why he, that eat mostly at other people's tables, would be such a fool, as to keep a fellow in livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, answer'd the poet, "I keep but one to laugh at me, but your grace has the honour to keep a dozen."

An impudent ridiculous fellow being laugh'd at by all that came into his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had the happiest quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him; *Then*, said one of them, "you lead the merriest life of any man in Christendom."

A lord, endeavouring to persuade one of his dependants to marry his cast-off mistress, said, though she had been used

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used a little, when she had got a good husband, she might turn; *ay, but, my lord*, replied the other, "she has been so much used, that I am afraid she is not worth turning."

Ben Johnson, being one night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all their discourses with an account of his lands and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your dirt and your clods to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit. Have you so replied the countryman, *good Mr. Wiscacre?* This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben mute for some time: Why, how now, Ben? says one of the company, you seem to be quite stung; *Why, I never was so prick'd by a hobnail before*, replied he.

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus, "bless me! what! are you alive! Why not?" *answered the fiddler*; did you send any body to kill me? No, *replies the other*, but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported, it seems, *says the fiddler*, but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it."

In a company of merry companions over a cheerful bowl, when different toasts were going round, a gentleman, whose name was Brown, toasted an absent lady, which he had done for many years, though he never had the courage to speak to her; upon which one who sat next to him, said, "I believe, Sir, you have toasted that lady these seven years at least, and 'tis surprizing she's not *Brown* yet."

The Rev. Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; and some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he ask'd the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, "with what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world would be at an end in little more than half that time?"

Dr.

Dr. South visiting a gentleman one morning, was ask'd to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman slept into the next room, and told his wife, and desir'd she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that, if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately slept out, crying, "I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me."

Some repartees, which strictly speaking ought not to be brought under the head of jests, yet, for the readiness of thought are somewhat better. Of this sort was the answer made by Sir Robert Sutton, to the late king of Prussia, on his asking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he cou'd say an equal number of Englishmen cou'd beat 'em? *No*, Sir answer'd Sir Robert, "I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the number would try."

A gentleman arrested for a large sum, sent to an acquaintance, who had often profess'd great friendship to him, to beg he would be his bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be bail for any man, but with much kindness said, "I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can."

Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys look'd out of a one pair of stairs window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. Amner that makes so many bulls! He hearing them, look'd back, saying, "you rascals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you down stairs."

A gentleman intending to build a house, desired the judgment of his workmen as to the cost; they assur'd him, it wou'd not exceed two hundred pounds—that sum wou'd be the *outside*. And truly so the gentleman found it, for he had all the *inside* of the house to furnish, after the 200*l*. was expended.

Two gentlemen, one nam'd Chambers, the other Gargett, riding by Tyburn together; says the first, "this is a
very

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very pretty tenement, if it had but a *Garret*. You fool, says *Garret*, don't you know there must be *Chambers* first."

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in a passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possess'd of two beds, he fix'd a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation. In this state they continued some time, till one night as they both lay awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, *Heaven bless you, my dear*. Do you speak that from your heart? says the man; *indeed I do*, answer'd she: *well then*, says he, "take away the board."

A beggar asked Moliere for alms, he gave him, through absence of mind or mistake, for a less valuable piece, a *louis*. The poor fellow on perceiving it hobbled after him, and told him of it; upon which Moliere returned it to him, with another *louis*, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, "my God! what a lodging virtue has taken up with there!"

Anecdote of the late facetious BONNELL THORNTON, Esq; communicated by himself.

WHEN he was a student at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumscribed in his finances, he was sometimes obliged to have recourse to stratagem for ways and means; he had lately had two new suits of cloaths, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill, for which, upon remitting it to his father, he received the amount by the return of the post. The sight of so much cash, which he had been unaccustomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of spirits, which were not to be indulged in scholastic exercises, so that he immediately set out for the capital; and having there equipped himself with a bag-wig and a sword, he accompanied his *dulcinea* to the play, in the pit. The second

cond music was scarce finished, before his father came and placed himself in the seat before him; and presently turning round was a good deal startled at seeing a figure that so much resembled his son—"what, Bonnell, said he, Are you there?" But Bonnell, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occasion, but effrontery, resolved to brazen it out turned to his lady, and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's inquiries. His father was however very dissatisfied, notwithstanding Bonnell's disguise, and retired before the play was finished, much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cause of the mortification he had received, and added, that "he would burn his will, and cut such an ungrateful rascal off with a shilling—an unnatural scoundrel, who had publicly disowned his father!"—Mr. Thornton's friend endeavoured to soften his passion, and dissuade him from so precipitate an act, saying, that he could not possibly think it was not Bonnell Mr. Thornton had seen, and that his dress was a proof of the mistake. This, however, did not prevent his persevering in the resolution of destroying his will, till his friend agreed to set out early the next morning for Oxford, and there received satisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical situation, set out post for Oxford as soon as the play was finished, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and upon inquiry, finding his son was at College, and had been at prayers that very morning; he returned fully satisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

Quin went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new house at Bath, before it was quite finished; when, being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the servant if his master was at home, and being answered in the negative—"well" said he, "however, shew me your little-house,"—"yes, Sir," replied the servant, "the house is *small*, but it is very compact."—"I mean," continued Quin, "your necessary-house."—"yes, Sir," replied the servant, "I believe my master will

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will find it very *necessary*, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings."—"Your *conveniency*, I mean," Quin said.—"Very *convenient*, I can assure you," still continued the servant.—Quin, no longer able to contain himself, cried with some emphasis, *G—d d—n you, you rascal, shew me your sh—t-house, or, by G—d, I shall besoul my breeches.*—O Lord, Sir, said the servant, *that is not built yet.*

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, Father Abraham, *I am glad to see you.* The second entered the room, and said, Father Isaac, *I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and said, Father Jacob, *shall we drink a glass with you?* The old gentleman look'd at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent to seek his father's asses; and having found them, left them.* So went out of the room, and shut them in it.

Taylor, the oculist, who was a great coxcomb, told a lady once, that he knew her thoughts *by her eyes*: do you, says he, then I am sure you will keep them secret, for "they are no way to your advantage."

Mrs. Pilkington observed, that by introducing her husband in her memoirs, she had made him known; and that if he ever arrived at fame, or ever went to Heaven, he must remain her debtor. For (adds she) "that cuckolds go to Heaven, nobody ever yet disputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me, who helped to send him thither. If I have bestowed on him fame in this world, and salvation in the next, what could a reasonable man desire more from his wife? But some folks are never satisfied."

A gentleman being at church, had his pocket picked of his watch, and complaining of it to a friend of his, he replied, Had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure: but the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines;

G

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*He that a watch wou'd wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.*

A person advertising for a horse, thus concludes his advertisement, "it would be needless for a Yorkshire jockey to apply, the person who wants the horse being a Yorkshire man himself."

A gentleman coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked, How long he had lived there, and what countryman he was? I'll be Yorkshire, says the fellow, an' ha' lived sixteen years here. I wonder, reply'd the gentleman, that in so long a time so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself. Ay, answered the ostler, "but maister's Yorkshire too."

Some years ago, two comedians belonging to Covent-garden theatres having a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: *As for you, Sir, addressing himself to the first, you are by much the worst singer I ever heard in my life.* Ah, says the other, exultingly, I knew I should win my wager. *Stop, Sir, says the doctor, I have a word to say to you before you go; which is this, that as for you, Sir, you cannot sing at all.*

A certain couple going to Dunmow in Essex, to demand the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married couple, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain, in a year and a day; the steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him, in that: that, says the steward, is not half big enough: *so I told my wife, answered the good man, and I believe we have had an hundred words about it. Aye! said the steward, then I must again hang up the bacon.*

At

An *honest* highlander, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry ; *rogue Scot ! rogue Scot !* his northern blood fired at the insult, he drew his broad sword, looking round him on every side to discover the object of his indignation ; at last he found it came from a parrot perched in a balcony within his reach : but the *generous* Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, puts up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, “ gin ye were a man as ye’re a green goose, I would have split your weem.”

An Oxford scholar being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, that he could never rise before dinner ; being asked how he liked the place ? he said, Well enough ; but the worst of it is, “ there is no forenoon in it.”

A Scotch bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood-side, and set down to dinner ; he had no sooner said grace, then three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone ; at length, he took up his bagpipes, and began to play ; at which the wolves ran away. *The de’el saw me, said Sawney, an I had kenn’d you lov’d music so, ye should have have had it before dinner.*

A young man married a very ill-temper’d woman, to whom, notwithstanding her perverseness, he behaved well, and was very kind ; she, however, not contented, made continual complaints to her father, to the great grief of both families. The husband, no longer able to endure this survy humour, bang’d her heartily : hereupon she renews her complaint to the old man, who being now better acquainted with her ill humours, took her to task, and laced her sides soundly too ; saying, “ go commend me to your husband, and tell him, I am now even with him ; for I have cudgell’d his wife, as he has beaten my daughter.”

Fond wives, said one, do by their husbands, as barren wives do by their lap-dogs, “ cram them with sweet-meats till they cloy their stomachs.”

Lord Chesterfield and another gentleman paying a morning visit together, just as the latter had stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the centre of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. *Good God, my lord,* says he, much surprised, *I was near being gone,* *Why, yes,* says my lord, very coolly, "but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you went."

Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire ostler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the fellow, he would prove him to be a horse or an ass. Well, said the other, and I can prove your saddle to be a mule. A mule! cry'd one of them, how the de'il can that be? "Because," says the other, "it is something between an horse and an ass."

One losing a bag of money, about 50 l. between Temple-gate and Temple-bar, fixed up a paper, offering 10 l. reward to those who took it up, and would return it. Hereupon the person who found it, wrote underneath, "Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my loss."

An Irishman, having been obliged to live with his master sometimes in Scotland, when he came back, some of his companions ask'd how he lik'd Scotland? "I will tell you now," said he, "I was sick all de while I was däre; and if I had liv'd there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

A person of quality, coming into a church, where many of his ancestors lay buried; after he had spoke much in their commendation, and praised them for worthy men, "well," said he, "I'm resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible."

It was said by one, who remembered every thing he lent, and nothing he borrowed, "that he had lost half his memory."

A gentleman disputing about religion in Button's coffee-house, some of the company said, You talk of religion!

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I'll hold you five guineas, you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer; Sir Richard Steele here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentlemen began, "I believe in G—d." and so went through his creed." *Well!* said the other, I own I've lost, but I did not think you cou'd have done it."

When Mrs. Woffington first acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the Green-room, "I believe," said she, "one half of the house take me really for a man." To which Mr. Quin *replied*, "but the other half, Madam, *know* to the contrary."

One meeting an old acquaintance, whom the world had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where he liv'd? "I don't know," *said he*, where I live; but I starve down towards Wapping and that way."

A poor fellow, going to execution, had a reprieve come just as he got to the gallows, and was taken back by the sheriff's officer; who told him he was a happy fellow, and ask'd if he knew nothing of the reprieve before? *No*, replied the fellow, "I thought no more of it than I did of my dying day."

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, in a new coat; the parson ask'd him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same people, said the shepherd, that cloath you, the parish. The parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty way, and sent his man back to ask the shepherd, if he wou'd come and live with him? for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd, accordingly, and delivered his master's message, concluding thereby that his master really wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away then?" said the shepherd." "No," answered the other." "Then you may tell your master," *replies* the shepherd," "his living won't maintain three of us."

A young fellow, fancying himself possess'd of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage, offer'd himself to Mr.

Rich, and, according to custom, was to speak before Mr Quint just as he began to rant forth a tragedy speech, a dog that was running about the stage, at the same time, set up a terrible howl ! Upon which Quint ask'd whose dog that was, and being inform'd, he cry'd, " he's a dog of judgment, by Jove"—and walked off without staying to hear the speech out.

A Flemish tyler in Flanders accidentally fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and kill'd him ; though he escaped himself. The next of blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler, and when offered pecuniary recompence, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis*. Hereupon the judge said to him, if he did insist upon that sentence, " he should go up to the top of the same house, and fall down from thence upon the tyler."

A gentleman telling a lady that a certain apothecary of her acquaintance was broke, and oblig'd to shut up shop ; she enquired the cause ; to which the gentleman replied, he was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, as is too common a practice, he had advised them to take the wholesome air, and of course lost the profit arising from the sale of his drugs. Poor man ! says she, he could not live by the *air* though his patients could.

In the year 1629, Ben Johnson fell sick, and was then poor, and lodg'd in an obscure alley ; his majesty Charles I. was supplicated in his favour, who sent him ten guineas. When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and said, " his majesty has sent me ten guineas, because I am poor and lives in an alley ;" go and tell him, *That his soul lives in an alley.*

When Quint lodged in the country, he turned his horse to grass and lost him ; making an enquiry after him, he ask'd a country fellow if they had any thieves among them, for his horse was stolen ? " No," says the clown, " we are all honest folks here ; but they say there is one Quint I think they call him, a strolling player from London, may hap he may a' stol'n him."

One telling another, he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately at thieves coming into the house, although it was not charg'd. How the devil can that be? says the other. *Because*, said he, "the thieves carried it off; and what was worse, before I had time to charge them with it."

The late Lord Chesterfield, notwithstanding he was so much a man of wit, and of the world, was, until not many years before his death, well known to be a constant dupe to gaming;—inasmuch that he never went to a watering-place, that he had not a crowd of sharpers hovering about him. Being at Bath some years since, he engaged at a billiard-match with the celebrated *Charles Jones* *, which was no sooner known than the room was crowded with black-legged gentry, who all beited in favour of *Jones*. The match continued for some time, in which my lord never turn'd a game, and in consequence lost considerably. *Jones*, who only played for a guinea himself, seeing this, and having been often *patronized* by his lordship, thought it a good opportunity to shew his gratitude, by declining the game, and telling his lordship the reason. "Well, well," says my lord, with great coolness, "admitting that to be true, if these gentlemen do me the honour to attend me from place to place, surely it is the least I can do to *support my attendants*."

A dignified clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, John, says the doctor, from whence came you? From your house, says Mr. Soot; for this morning I have swept all your chimnies. How many were there, says the doctor? No less than twenty, quoth John, Well, and how much a chimney have you? Only a shilling a piece, Sir. Why then, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of money in a little time. "Yes, yes, Sir," says John, throwing

* Author of *Hoyle's games improved*.

throwing his bag of foot over his shoulders; "we black-coats get our money easy enough."

Two neighbouring gentlemen of equal fortune, and remarkable for their avarice, were distinguish'd in their parish by the names of Crib and Starve-gut. Mr. Crib often visited his neighbour, and was as often visited by him, but as they had both the same end in view, they never ask'd each other to eat or drink; and thus they went on together very amicably, till Crib one day was present at his friend's, when a man came to pay the interest of a thousand pounds, which rais'd Mr. Crib's envy so much, that he left the room, and went home; but returned in the evening to Mr. Starve-gut, in order to learn some of his saving maxims. When crib came in, he found him writing a letter by a farthing candle; he was no sooner sat down, but Mr. Starve-gut put it ont. How now, says, Crib, what's that for? To which Starve-gut replied, Can't we two talk as well in the dark? Faith, neighbour, says Crib, you are an excellent œconomist; I wish you would teach me some of your rules. Why, friend, says Starve-gut, one of my chief maxims is, never to spend more than is necessary, witness the candle! Right, quoth Crib. I remember, says Starve-gut, the saying of an old philosopher, which ought to be in letters of gold; namely, "that whatever is unnecessary is too dear at a farthing." Right, quoth Crib: than you, neighbour; Egad, I'll set this down. Now we are talking of saving, says Starve-gut, let me ask you one question, for you must know there is a great difference between being covetous, and being saving; for my part there is nothing I hate more than a flingy man. But to my question. Pray, friend Crib, do you shave yourself? Quoth Crib, What do you take me for a fool? Well, well, says Starve-gut, don't be in a passion, I did but ask; but what do you do with your leather? Why, fling it away, says Crib, what do you think? Why there is now, says Starve-gut, that's enough to ruin any man; why, I always wash half a dozen handkerchiefs and night-caps in mine, and then save it to wash my stockings.

My

My friend, Tom Tickle, is peculiarly odd in his manner of drawing characters: I remember, he once, while I was with him, sent his servant to a gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a hurry, with a message of great importance; but the servant return'd, and told his master, that the gentleman was in so great a hurry, he could not speak to him. "'Tis no more than what I expected," says Tom, "for he loses an hour in the morning and runs after it all day."

Hippesley, the player, having a large full wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a friend of his, that it was a very good one. "Faith! Sir," said he, with his usual humour, "I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over head and ears in debt."

An old woman, who was famous for selling ale at Oxford, and to whose house there resorted many of the scholars, several of them remarked, that they never saw their landlady at church; they insisted, that if she valued their custom, and hoped to have the continuance of it for the future, that on the succeeding and every Sunday following, she should constantly be there. She, like a woman who valued her interest more than her religion, told them that she would be very willing to comply with their requests. Accordingly, when Sunday came, she arrayed herself in her best apparel, and taking her ancient clasp bible, proceeded in great form to church: but being unused to the place in sermon-time she fell fast asleep, and unluckily let her bible fall, which making a great noise awakened her. She had forgot where she was, and thinking she was at home, and that her maids had done some mischief, started up in a great passion, with the following exclamation: So you slut, there's another jug broke, is there?

A gentleman riding over Salisbury-plain, when it rain'd very hard, set up a gallop, and pass'd by another whose horse stood still; a little surpris'd at this sight, he ask'd the reason of it: *Zounds!* says the other, *Who the de'el but a fool wou'd ride in this wet?* Some

Some gentlemen t'other day boasting of their ancestors, an arch wag standing by, said, he believ'd he was of a more ancient family than any of them, and could trace his pedigree in lineal descent from king Lud. Ay! says one of them, how do you make that out? *Why*, Sir, said he, "it was my misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a debt of fifty-shillings, and I made my escape down a rope."

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade, was told some of his tricks by a merchant on 'Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What! Sir, do you call me a rogue? "No, I don't call you a rogue," says the merchant, "but I'll give you ten guineas, if you'll find any one here, who will say you are an honest man."

A citizen invited some of his neighbours to a feast, his son handing a glass of wine to a gentleman accidentally spilt it on his band; and for his carelessness his father took him a box on the ear. The son having recovered himself, gave the next man a good box. Being ask'd the reason, he said, "come, come, let it go round; 'twill come to my father anon, for I dare not strike him myself."

An arch prisoner, who had an unfavourable countenance, being brought to the bar to be tried for horse-stealing, the judge immediately cried out, Oh! here is a noted villain, I am sure! *Why*, sirrah, I can see the rogue in your face "Ay, my lord," says the fellow, "I wonder at that; for I did not know my face was a looking-glass till your lordship saw yourself in it."

A Scotchman was very angry with an Englishman, who he said had abus'd him, and call'd him *false* Scot. Faith, Sir, you are quite mistaken, quoth the Englishman, for I said you were a *true* Scot.

A Quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes, *yea and nay* went to him and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never dealings with him in his whole life: *Why*, says the parson, *it is for tythes*. *For tythes!* says the Quaker; *I pr'ythee, friend, upon what account?* *Why*, says the parson, *for preach-*
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Tag in the church. Alas! then, replied the Quaker, I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there. Oh! but you might, says the parson, for the doors are always open at convenient times; and thereupon told him he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yay and nay hereupon shook his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation-town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such disgrace upon him? and for what he did owe him the money? Truly, friend, replied the Quaker, for trimming. For trimming? said the parson; "why, I was never trimmed by you in my life. Oh! but thou might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine."

Jemmy Spiller, the comedian, going one day through Rag-fair, a place where they sell second-hand goods, cheapened a leg of mutton he saw hang up there, at a butcher's stall. The butcher told him it was a groat a pound. "Are you not an unconscionable fellow, said Spiller, to ask such a price, when one may buy a new one for that in Clare-market?"

A man very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a gentleman as a good match for his daughter. No, no, said he, "I would rather have a man for my daughter without money, than money without a man."

A gentleman galloping furiously over ploughed lands towards Tame, and meeting one, ask'd him, "if that was the way to Tame," aye, says the fellow, to tame your horse, if he was as wild as the devil.

Two riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller jog on softly before 'em on the sacks, were resolv'd to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, miller, now tell us, which art thou most, knave or fool? Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

One

One was saying that his great grand-father, and grand-father, and father, died at sea. Quoth another, who heard him, If I were you, I would never go to sea. Why, said the other, where did your great grand-father, and grand-father and father die? He answered, In their beds. Then said the first, "and if I were you, I would never go to bed."

A gentleman meeting the king's jester, ask'd what news? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand men risen to-day. I pray, to what end, said the other, and what do they intend? "Why to lay down again at night."

Some years since Mr. Foote, dined at the Castle, at Salt-hill. When Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name. — "Partridge and please you, replied the host. — "Partridge!" resumed Foote, "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your *bill*."

Lady B——L——, being at the play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin sentences, she applied to a macaroni, who sat behind her, for an explanation. He said it was dog Latin, and he could not explain it. "It is strange," cried she, "that a puppy should not understand his own language."

Lord Chatham making one of a party at whist, one of the gamesters, with a bitter oath, declared, He had the *worst hand* in the company; a considerable bet was proposed, and agreed to by his lordship, that he *had a worse*; he pulled off his glove, and shewed his *gouty hand*, when the company unanimously pronounced it in his lordship's favour.

An English gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady, who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will, in a country where people were so apt to die; the physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, "by Jafus, madam, I wish you would tell me the country,

country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there."

A gentleman had a blind harper playing before him till it was pretty late; at last he commands his man to light the harper down stairs: to whom the servant replied, Sir, the harper is blind: Why, you ignorant loggerhead, says his master, has he not the more need of a light?

On a time, Ogle wanting a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a shoemaker's shop, and ask'd for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walk'd up and down the shop, to settle them to his feet; and seeing an opportunity he ran out of the shop, and the shoemaker followed him, crying, Stop thief! stop thief! Ogle, said, No, gentleman, 'tis for a wager; I am to run in boots, and he in shoes and stockings. Then said the mob, Well, run, boots, for shoes and stockings will never overtake thee.

'Twas no bad Joke of lady Starve-gut's footman, who, on the *pantry* being kept lock'd, nail'd up the *necessary*; on being ask'd the reason, he told her ladyship, while one was unopen, the other was unnecessary.

A man who travell'd the country, and got his bread by flying upon a rope off the tops of steeples, &c. applied once to a learned bishop for leave to fly from the top of the cathedral, and engaged some people of weight to stop in his favour: to whom his lordship reply'd; "'Tis inconsistent with my duty and the nature of my function, to permit any man to fly from the church; but your friend may fly to it, if he will."

One was advised to venture something in a lottery; Not I, says he, for none have luck in it but rank cuckolds. Come, come, says his wife, I pray, my dear, venture something; I am sure you'll stand as good a chance as any of them.

A sea captain's opinion being ask'd about a *future state*, he answer'd, that "state affairs never troubled his brains."

D

A Scotch

A Scotch gentleman being once reproached for voting against his conscience, said the charge was false; "for he never had a conscience."

A lady ordered her Irish footman to Mr. Richards the famous *slaymaker*, to fetch home a new pair of slays, strictly charging him, if it rain'd, to take a hackney-coach, to prevent their being injured by the weather. A violent shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the slays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the commands of his lady, replied, "that in truth he did take a coach, but rode all the way behind it, as it became his station."

An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so? "upon my shoul," says Teague, "it is to see how I look when I am-asleep."

A gentleman meeting with his godson, ask'd him whither he was going? To school, replies the boy. That's well, said he, there's sixpence for you: follow thy learning apace; "I may live to hear thee preach my funeral sermon."

One of the ambassadors from Morocco, having never seen snow till he came into England, and observing (when it snow'd) that the boys gathered it up in their hands; said it was no wonder the English were so fair, since they wash'd themselves in white rain.

One having a kinswoman come out of the country, that was never at London before, invited her abroad, and having shew'd her the tombs at Westminster, came with her to the king's chapel, where the organs were playing, and entering in he took her by the hand to lead her to a convenient seat; but she held back, saying indeed, cousin you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

One seeing his son in mischief, cried out firrah, did you ever see me do so, when I was a boy?

While

While a scholar was blowing his fire, the nose of his bellows dropt off: I see indeed, says he, it's cold weather, for the nose of the very bellows-drops.

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctor's Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of the Gamesters: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the other act?" Oh! very easily," says Moore, "there I intend to put them both in the *Spiritual Court*."

An arch barber, at a certain borough in the west, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of *bribery*, till the *old balsam*, were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finish'd, threw into the basin *twenty guineas*. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left *thirty*. Some days after this, the first return'd to solicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, "that he could not promise. Not promise!" says the gentleman; why I thought I had been shaved here! 'Tis true, says the barber, "you was, but another gentleman has been trimm'd since that; however, if you please, I'll trim you again; and then tell you my mind."

A little gentleman going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker; at last seeing a very tall fellow coming by, begg'd him to do it for him; which (tho' very unwillingly) he did, at the same time muttering, "damn it, what are little fellows like you made for?" the other smartly reply'd, "to be waited on by tall ones like you."

One being at a sermon, when a dry empty fellow preach'd most of his auditors out of the church, said *he made a very moving sermon.*

A senior of a hall chiding an under-graduate for prating, told him, that *Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*, yes said the under-graduate, *& vir loquitur, qui pauca sapit.*

A scholar being so fuddled, that he could not unlock his door, complained to the governor, that somebody had stolen away his key-hole.

A scholar of Christ-church that was whimsical, or, as we used to say, that had a *maggot in his head*, always complain'd that when he eat fish, they would *rise in his stomach.* No wonder, quoth another *for they rise and leap after the maggot in your head.*

One seeing an affected coxcomb buying books, told him, his bookseller was properly his upholsterer, for he furnished his room rather than his head.

A young lady with a good fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young fellow; *Well*, says the old lady her aunt "for all you were so eager to have him you'll have your *belly* full of him in a little time I'll warrant you.

A Lord-mayor waiting upon King Charles the Second, who happened to be in the park feeding the ducks with his hat in his hand, the mayor desired he might not speak till his majesty was covered; *Phoo, phoo*, says the king, *you may go on very safely, 'tis to the ducks I pull my hat off.*

A gentleman coming by Maidstone gaol, seeing an old acquaintance of his there, said, How now Tom, how comest thou here? *Faith*, said he, "a blind man might have found the way hither, for I was led between two; and they would suffer me to go no other way."

A very

A very ingenious man was walking along Cheap-side, whom a hectoring blade meeting, thrust him from the wall, saying, he did not use to give every saucy jackanapes the wall: *But I do*, said the gentleman; and so passed on.

A tradesman newly made mayor of a little town in the north, meeting with an old acquaintance while he was mending his hedge, who spoke to him, and by accident kept his hat off, imagined it was done out of respect to his new dignity: upon which bridling and composing his muscles with great gravity, he said, "put on your hat, I am still but a man."

A gentleman being choaked with a honey-comb, his friends began to bemoan him. "Why make you such lamentations?" said a witty person; "never man had a sweeter death."

Lord S——h, after the first day of the naval review at Portsmouth, having asked a clergyman, Whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? the reverend ecclesiastic replied, Yes; especially as I observed your lordship to be in the midst of it.

A lawyer and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law. His master said, if he would promise to pay for his suppers that night, he would tell him; which was agreed to. Why then said the master, good witnesses are the chief point in law. When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them according to agreement. *O Sir*, says he, *where's your witness*.

An apothecary said, that *all bitter things were hot*. Ay, says another, *what think you of bitter cold weather?*

A gentleman in a coffee-house hearing a coward speaking it stoutly in favour of courage, said, "it put him in
D 3 mind

mind of what he had once seen at a show, a *hare* beating a drum."

Lewis XIV. was rallying the duke of Vienne upon his extraordinary fatness, in presence of the duke of Aumont, who was at least as bulky; "you grow out of all compass, said the king, you use no exercise." "Indeed but I do *said* Vienne, and a great deal too, for there is not a day passes, but I walk two or three times round my cousin Aumont.

A taylor sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer bid the boy tell his master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the money. Didst tell thy master, said the lawyer, I was not running away? Yes, Sir, said the boy, but he bid me tell you, "that he was."

One told another, who was not used to be cloathed often, that his new coat was too short for him. "That's true, *said he*, "but it will be long enough before I get another.

A gentleman eating some Cheshire-cheese pretty full of maggots, took several on the point of a knife, and eat them. Now says he to some of his friends, I have destroyed at once more than ever Sampson did. "Ah, Sir," says an arch way, and so you have; and with the same weapon too, the jaw bone of an ass."

A country-farmer was observed never to be in a good humour when he was hungry, which caused his wife to watch carefully the time of his coming home, and always to have dinner ready on the table. One day he surprised her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him. He according to custom, began to open his pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his mouth to some purpose. His wife seeing him in that condition comforts him in the following manner

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ner: "See how it is now, had you kept your breath to cool your pottage, you had not burnt your mouth, John."

A gentleman and his servant in a cold frosty morning riding through a river together, the gentleman's horse stumbled, and threw him into the water, and soon after fell to drinking: at which the man laughed heartily. Sirrah, says the master, do you laugh at me? No, Sir, says the servant, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that "your horse can't drink without a toast this cold morning."

A little after the death of Sir William Stanhope, brother to the late earl of Chesterfield, his lady (whom fame had taken some liberties with before) married captain C——, of a marching regiment, who had little beside his commission for his support. When Lord Chesterfield was first told of this circumstance, two or three of the family present were arraigning the very great *imprudence* of the match. *Not at all*, says his lordship; "as for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; she married for a *cloak*, and he for a *coat*."

A certain gambling peer married a lady of easy virtue. His lordship being ask'd his opinion of the alliance, said, "It is no wonder *brimstone* and *cards* should make *matches*."

A certain justice of the peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some of the gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud priest has got? I'll banter him a little. "Doctor, *said he*, you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass. Why really, Sir, *replied the parson*, the king has lately made so many asses justices, that an honest honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it."

Two country fellows meeting, one asked the other, "What news? He answered, He knew no other news, but
"that

"that he saw a very great wind, last Faiday. See a wind!" *says the other.* Yes, see it, *replied he again.* Pr'ythee, what was it like? *said he.* Like! *said the other:* why it was like to blow my house down."

A beggar addressing himself to an old miser, used these words "dear Sir, bestow your charity." To which the userer replied, I have it not. *Ah!* quoth the beggar, "the more shame for you, to have so much money and no charity."

A gentleman riding down a steep hill, and being afraid the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the bottom. The fellow replied, Ay, ay, 'tis very hard at the bottom; I'll warrant you: which encouraged the gentleman to ride confidently down the hill; but in six or seven yards slipping, his horse sunk up to the belly in a bog, which made the gentleman kick and whip, and curse and swear at the fellow, who was still within hearing; and to whom he called out, "you country rogue, didn't you tell me 'twas hard at the bottom? The ditcher answered, "yes I did, and so it is, Sir; you are not at the bottom yet by a mile."

A young student shewing the Museum at Oxon, to a set of gentlemen and ladies, among other things produced a rusty sword: this, says he, gentlemen, is the sword with which Baalam was going to kill his ass. Upon which, one of the company replied, that 'tis thought Baalam had no sword, but only with'd for one. You are right, says the student, and this is the very sword he with'd for.

A lady's age happened to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company to deliver his opinion. Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty? I'm sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above ten years.

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A gentleman having a very rich favour in his hat, several ladies seeing it had a liking to it, and would have got it, if they could, without begging: but one of them said to him, Sir, you have a very fine favour in your hat. Pray, Madam, said he, do you like it? Yes indeed, Sir says she, very well. *Why* says he, "if you had not liked it, I would have thrown it into the fire immediately; but seeing that you do, I am resolved to keep it for your sake."

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it; the miller looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have and what they stared at? *Why*, says one of them, we are looking at this thing; I pray, what is it? *Why*, says the miller, don't you see? Where are your eyes? It is a wind-mill. "We crave your mercy, Sir," says the scholars, "we took it for a gaol, seeing a thief look out of the window."

Some persons pleading their cause before the Lord Chancellor, and shewing, as it were, the boundaries and limits of their land, the counsel on one side said, We lie on this side, my lord; and the counsel on the other part said, We lie on this side. The Lord Chancellor arose, and said, "if you lie on both sides, pray which would you have me believe."

One of the mendicant friars in France, and his ass loaded with provisions he had collected, being crossing a ferry, the poor beast with the weight of his load, and the coldness of the season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the boat, thinking to be witty, told the friar, "his brother trembled. Ah," says the friar, "if you had a cord round your neck, irons at your feet, and a man of my profession at your elbow, you would tremble too."

The standers-by, to comfort a poor man who lay on his death-bed, told him, he should be carried to church by four lusty proper fellows. "I thank you," says he, "but I had much rather go myself."

The

The late Mr. Riche's Abilities as an harlequin are well known. One night after the entertainment, he had got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun-tavern in Clare-market. It happened as the fellow was driving by the window, Rich perceived it to be open, and threw himself out of the coach into the room. The coachman having turned the corner drove up to the house, and getting from the box opened the coach-door, and let down the step; then taking off his hat, he waited some time expecting his fare to alight; but at last looking into his coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal that had bilked him, and remounting his box, turned about and was driving the same way back. As he passed again by the window, Rich watched the opportunity, and again threw himself into the coach; he then looked out, and calling to the coachman, asked where he was going, and bid him turn and come once more to the Sun-tavern door. When Rich got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he would have given him his fare: "no, God bless your honour," says the man, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night." "Why then," says Rich, "he's a fool, here's a shilling for yourself. No," says the man, who by this time had mounted the coach-box, "that won't do; I know you too well for all your shoes; and so, Mr. Devil for once you are outwitted."

A man who had money enough to make him whimsical, on account of some imaginary indisposition ordered a physician to be sent for; who presently attending, felt his pulse, and examined his urine; which finding of a good colour, he asked him, "Sir, do you eat well?" He answered, "yes. do you sleep well?" he said, "he did: "O then," says the physician, "I'll find you a remedy that shall drive away all these things."

Oliver riding in his coach on a very rainy day, and Hugh Peters on horseback by him, says Oliver, "Peters I'll lend you my coat. Please you, Sir," says he, "I would not be in your coat, for a thousand pounds." Aff

An old covetous gentleman died, and left his estate to a very extravagant son. This spark, as he was riding in his coach to Tunbridge, was angry with his coachman for not driving faster, and called to him, "You dog, rogue, if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my coach and kick you to the devil." "If you do, Sir," says the fellow, "I'll tell your father how profusely you spend his estate."

A person being summoned to appear at the sessions for a witness, about a fray that happened in Holborn, being called to stand up to give in his evidence, the judge said to him, friend, how came these two persons to fall out?" "Why, an't please you my lord," said the fellow," he said, "my lord, you are a rogue." The judge perceiving the people smile, bid him speak to the jury, "for there were twelve of them."

Dr. Mead coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and desired he would lend him five guineas. "So" said the doctor, "I am surprised you should apply to me for such a favour, who don't know you! Oh! dear Sir," replied the apothecary," "it is for that very reason, I ask it, for those who know me won't lend me a farthing."

Tom Clarke of St. John's desired a fellow of the same college to lend him "bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation;" the other told him, he could not possibly spare it out of his chambers, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, "he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he would."

A London tradesman on his journey, being at an inn, told a most surprising story; and in order to enforce belief,

lief, said it was so unaccountable, so every way wonderful, that he never could have believed it, if he had not seen it himself; yet, when the company doubted of the fact, he seemed angry, and turning round to one of them, said he thought himself ill used; *not so*, says a country shopkeeper, "we have none of us seen this wonderful phenomenon; and, as you say, you would not have believed it if you had not seen it, you ought to allow others to be careful and sensible as yourself."

Nat. Barton the Jockey entered the room during this debate, to whom the angry gentleman complained of their behaviour; and having repeated the story, and without waiting for an answer, turned to the company, and said that he knew Nat. would believe it. *O yes*, said Nat. "that I'll do, I'll believe it with all my heart: but there is not one in an hundred that would."

When Mrs. Macaulay published her *loose thoughts*, Foot, who was in company with Garrick, said it was a very improper title for a lady; to which the other replied, he was of a different opinion, for the sooner a woman gets rid of *such thoughts* the better.

A mountebank in Leicester-fields had drawn a huge assembly about him; amongst the rest, a fat unweildy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every minute crying out, Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! Pray good people, give way a little! What a devil has rak'd this rabble together? Zounds! what a squeezing is this! Honest friend, remove your elbow! At last, a weaver, who stood next him, could hold no longer. A plague confound you, said he, for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase, than any five here? Is not the place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be damn'd; and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

The

MERRYFIELD'S JESTS.

25

The late Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Tadlow were exceedingly corpulent; but the last was by much the largest. Cheyne coming into the coffee-house one morning, and observing Tadlow alone and pensive, asked him what had occasioned his melancholy? Cheyne, says he, I have a very serious thought come athwart me, I am considering how the people will be able to get you and I to the grave when we die. *Why*, says Cheyne, "six or eight stout fellows may take me there at once; but it is certain that you must be carried at twice."

It was upon the above Tadlow, that the following witty epigram was written:

When Tadlow walks the street, the paviours cry,
God bless you, Sir!—and lay their rammers by.

When drams were more in vogue than they are at present, a gentleman called for a glass of brandy at Smyrna, because, he said, he was very hot. Bring me one, waiter, says another, for I am very cold. "It is a strange thing," says a third, "that people can't find an excuse for their follies without insulting the good sense of the company. Here bring me a dram, boy, for I like it."

A physician, boasting of his great knowledge in his profession, said he never heard any complaint from his patients: a by-stander wittily replied, *very likely, Doctor, for the faults of physicians are generally buried with their patients.*

Mr. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to which he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, "'Tis needless to give you a copy, doctor, for you have the original."

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A gen.

MERRYFIELD'S JESTS.

A gentleman going to take water at Whitehall-stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, "who can swim? I, master, said forty bawling mouths; when the gentleman observing one slinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about said, Sir, I "cannot swim;" then you are my man, said the gentleman, for you will at least take care of me, for your own sake.

When the celebrated Dr. Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mallards," cries the doctor, "very good," says Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, Quack—quack—quack."

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* baron, being detected some years ago at Bath secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one pair-of stairs room*, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. Do, says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so high again as long as you live."

A certain swaggering officer being in company with Mr. Charles B——der, bragg'd egregiously of the number he had slain by his own hand abroad, insomuch that, by his own account, he had demolished at least five hundred.—Sir, says Charles, "I have killed in my time, let me see—five at Madrid—ten at Lisbon—twenty at Paris—thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarcely disembarked before a desperate son of a bitch of a fellow killed me.—killed you! says the officer—D—n you, what do you mean by that? Sir, replies Charles, I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?"

A cer,

A certain Kentish nobleman being in company with some Scotch officers, was bragging of the situation of his Villa, and the pleasantness of the country in general; but above all, insisted upon his peculiar happiness (as he had a musical ear) in having such a multitude of nightingales about him. Nightingales! says a bonny Scot; we have an infinity of them near Edinburgh—Sir, replies my lord, I thought those birds had never reached so far north: pray what kind of a thing is a nightingale; *My lord*, rejoins the Scotsman *it is aboot as bug as pudgeon, and has a head like a cat, and cries whoo, whoo, whoo.*

A nobleman remarkable for his good-nature and affability, ordering his servant pretty late at night to go with a message a considerable distance from the place where he was then in company; the fellow did not receive his master's commands with that cheerfulness he ought. The nobleman, after the man had left the room, asked Mr. Farquhar, Whether he did not think his footman seemed somewhat sulky at receiving his orders, and what could be the meaning of it; "my lord, *says Farquhar*, you are a good master to your servants, and as nobody can do too much for a good master, your man, I suppose, is determined he never will."

A gentleman just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*. Faith, Sir, says the wit, "I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your dear wife."

A young widow of wit, beauty, and fortune, was courted by a country gentleman, who according to the vulgar notion, thought that those freedoms which would disgust a virgin, were absolutely necessary to be used in courting a widow; and therefore at the first visit behaved very indelicately, both in speech and action; on which the lady angrily asked him the meaning of such rude behaviour! He replied, You must excuse me, widow, it is spring-time, and the sap will rise, and *Truly then, then*, says the

lady, *I will rise up too, for you are too sappy for me ;* and so getting up, walked off and left him.

Another going one day to visit a young lady to whom he paid his addressee, he happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him ; which being a handsome creature of the kind, the lady admired it, saying, dear me, what a pretty dog this is ! *You are mistaken,* answered the bumpkin, *it is not a dog but one of your own sex, madam.*

A gentleman, the first time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every thing by the persons in whose house he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with ; of which, some time after, complaining to beau Nash ; Sir, replied the latter, *they have acted towards you on truly Christian principles.* How so ? says the man. *Why* returned Nash, “ you was a stranger, and they took you in.”

Beau Nash, being in company, among whom there was a gentleman who was remarkable for a kind of rude satirical wit, and who having levelled his jeers at almost all present, chiefly by mimicking their voices, gestures, or *taking them off*, as it is commonly called ; Nash, expecting it would presently come to his turn, got up, and was going away. When being asked the reason of his leaving the company so soon, he replied, “ in order to save the gentleman the trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off ; ” and so departed.”

One Easter Monday, an arch rogue meeting a blind woman, who was crying puddings and pies, took her by the arm and said, Come along with me dame, I am going to Moorfields, where, this holyday-time, you may chance to meet with good custom.—Thank’e kindly, Sir, says she. Whereupon he conducted her to Cripplegate-church, and placed her in the middle isle. Now, says he, you are in Moorfields ; which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, “ hot puddings and pies ! hot puddings
and

and pies! come, they're all hot!" &c. which caused the whole congregation to burst out in a loud laughter; and the clerk came and told her she was in a church; You are a lying son of a whore, says he. Which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church; she curling him all the while; nor would she believe him 'till she heard the organ-play.

In the reign of king Henry VIII. a facetious spend-thrift nobleman, having lately sold a whole manor, consisting of near an hundred tenements, came strutting to court in a new rich suit, saying, "am not I a mighty man, to bear a hundred houses upon my back? *Which Cardinal Wolsey hearing said* You had much better have paid your debts.—What you say is very right, *replied the nobleman*, for I owe your father * three half-pence for a sheep's head: come, write me a receipt, and here's two-pence for it."

A great crowd being gathered about a poor *cobler*, who had just died in the street, a man asked the watchman what was to be seen? Only a *cobler's end*, replied he.

Two country-attornies, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them, answered, "that his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients."

As a boy was leading a calf with both hands, a nobleman happened to pass by upon the high-way; the boy, it seems, minded the calf more than the lord, and went drudging on, without moving his hat. *Why, sirrah*, says the nobleman, "have you no more manners than to stand staring me in the face with your hat on? *Alas, says the boy*, I'll pull off my hat with all my heart, if your lordship will but 'light, and hold my calf in mean time."

E 3

A merry

* His father was a butcher at Ipswich in Suffolk.

A merry cobbler, as he sat stitching in his stall, was singing a piece of his own composition, wherein he very often repeated these words, viz. "the king said to the queen, and the queen said to the king."—What was it the king said to the queen? said one who heard him. Crispin scratches his head, and lays it, with all his might, across the shoulders of the impertinent querist; "how now, saucy-box! *says he*, "it's a fine age we live in, when such cock-combs as you must be prying into matters of *state*! I'd have you to know, sirrah, I am too loyal a subject to betray the king's secrets; and pray get you gone, and don't interrupt me in my lawful occupation, lest I slick my awl in your arse, and put *end* to your folly."

A young lady asked a gentleman, who was a lawyer, what was the most surprising *curiosity* in all Sir Hans Sloan's collection? he answered, a *virgin at fifteen years of age*. Indeed, Sir, replied the lady, you are mistaken, for I have been told by several, that in his whole collection, there is nothing so curious as an *honest lawyer*.

Mr. Foote being at supper one night at the Bedford coffee-house, just after Garrick had performed *Macbeth*, the conversation very naturally turned on the merits of that great performer, when after many eulogiums on the universality of his powers, it was allowed that he was the first actor on any stage. *Indeed, gentlemen, says Foote, I do not think you have said above half enough of him for I think him not only the greatest actor on, but off the stage.*

An Irish servant being struck by his master, cried out; "devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if I am dead it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing me."

A young lady asked a widow her opinion of matrimony. *Oh, madam, answered she, it would be a heavenly life, if the first night would last always.*

Two sailors being in company together, were relating the most remarkable accidents that happened in their voyage. One swore, "they found it so excessive hot going to Guinea, that they needed no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck in the sun-shine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large fire."

The other said; I never was in so hot a climate as that; but, "I have been so many degrees to the northward, where it has been so cold, it has frozen our words in our mouths; that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a *warmer latitude* to thaw them: and then all our discourses broke out together like a clap of thunder, that there was never such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel."

Says his companion, that's very strange, but I have known strange things to be true: "I was once sitting upon my chest between the decks, picking the lice out of an old *canvas jacket*, and a beam of lightning darted and melted one of the guns, and went through a pair of buckskin-breeches I had on, and burnt the lappets of a blue shirt to tinder; hissed as it came out like a rattle-snake, but did my body no manner of damage."

Beau Nash, once complimenting a lady, told her among other things, that he should like to pass his days with her, To which the lady replied, "you are an agreeable companion, Mr. Nash, and I might perhaps like to pass my days with you, but for my *nights*, I would rather beg to be excused."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter, what he should do with a light guinea he had? "'Pshaw, its worth nothing, says Garrick, sling it to the devil. Well David, says the other, you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man,"

At an entertainment given by the heads of a parish, where Ben Johnson was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry: when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper to call for. "Hey day, Mr. Amen," says Ben, "this is making too free, methinks; for though you make the company sing what you please on Sundays, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so every day in the week."

Nat. Lee going late to Drury-lane play-house, at a time when there happened to be a very full house, was obliged to stand in the pit, there being no room to sit down; and here he was greatly crowded, particularly by a man who stood behind him; when Lee growing angry, swore at the man and asked him what made him shove so hard upon him? The man laughingly said to him, the people behind press so violently upon me, that I cannot help pressing upon you. *D—n you*, says Lee, I "wish you had been press'd into his majesty's service before you came here."

A gentleman of Ireland, being at Bath for the recovery of his health, Mr. Nash contracted an intimacy with him, and they used frequently to visit each other *sans ceremonie*. One winter's morning, Mr. Nash went into the gentleman's chamber before he was up, when finding the window-shutters open, and bed-curtains not drawn; "I think, Sir," says Nash, "you lie very airy with your shutters and windows open, one would think it was summer by you." To which the gentleman (who was very apt to make little blunders) replied "indeed, Mr. Nash, it is not for the sake of the air that I leave them open, but only I like to see day-light when I chance to wake in the night."

An Oxford scholar being informed that a carrier who stopped at the door was an arch fellow, thus attacked him.
Why

Why they, tell me, my friend, that you are a very wise man. *May be so*, says the fellow. And that you know all London, continued the scholar, and every body in it; pray can you tell where I live? *In Knave's Acre*, says the carrier; Ay, but I'm about to move, says the Oxonian: *and that will be to Tyburn*, quoth the other.

The carrier was afterwards asked by the landlord whether he had seen his nephew, and what trade he was apprenticed to? *A mutton-pie-maker*, answered the fellow; and when out of his time, he intends to take you in partner with him; so that you may steal sheep upon the downs here, and he'll pie them off in London. Faith you'll have a rare trade on it. I hope we may, says the landlord, and you shall be our carrier. *That I would with pleasure*, says the fellow, *if you were both going to the gallows*.

The earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's house in the city of London, and stayed late, called a hackney coach at Temple-bar, and bid the man drive to Berkley-square, where he then lodged; the coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting the box, swore that he should be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, Rochester called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth, and asked him, what he meant by it? The fellow replied, he was somewhat provoked at being to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon; "but," says Rochester, "do you consider, you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me into hell, you must go in first yourself?" "No, no, master," answered the coachman, "I could have provided against that well enough." "How can that be?" says the peer. When the coachman replied Why, to tell you the truth, *I would have backed your honour in*. Rochester could not forbear laughing heartily, at the salvo, and calling the fellow an arch dog, gave him a crown to drink his health.

A chim-

A chimney-sweeper's boy had just swept the chimney at a barber's shop in London, and while the boy was tying up his foot, some of the journeymen, who were at work in the shop, being inclined to exercise their wit on the poor lad, among other questions asked him, what trade his father was? To which the boy very archly replied, "what trade? why; my father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too; but to tell you the truth, I did not like such a blackguard business."

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoena'd as a witness on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel, who was very much given to brow-beat the evidence, ask'd him what distance he was from the parties when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "just four feet five inches and a half." "Pr'ythee, fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to the distance?" *Why to tell you the truth,* says the carpenter, *I thought perhaps that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.*

When the late Sir John Hill first launched into the literary world, he, amongst other voluminous works in all sciences wrote several farces, which he recommended very strongly to Mr. Garrick for representation; Garrick, however, not judging them to possess merit enough for the stage, politely refused them, which so irritated the doctor, that he constantly squibbed at him in the news-papers, some of which he at that time commanded: Garrick bore all very patiently for some time; at last thinking it necessary to hint to the world the occasion of this antipathy, he told it to the public in the following very severe epigram.

"For physick and farces
His equal there scarce is;
For his farces are physick, and his physick a farce is."

An arch boy belonging to one of the ships of war at Portsmouth, had purchased of his play-fellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's house, and was at the door feeding it, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, T—T—T—Tom, says the gentleman, *can your mag.* T—T—Talk yet? Ay, Sir, says the boy *better than you, or I'd wring his head off.*

In the heat of an engagement a sailor took his wounded comrade on his shoulders, and carrying him down to the surgeon, the fellow on his way lost his head; Why, says the surgeon, do you bring me a man without a head? *Odso*, says the sailor, "he told me he had only lost his leg, but he was always a lying dog."

A sailor fell from the main-mast and broke his legs: when his companions came about him, and commiserated him, *Pho!* says he, "it might have been my neck."

A certain nobleman who had just changed his party, complain'd to a lady of wit and humour, that had a pain in his side.—"Your side, my lord?" says she, "I thought you had no side.—Yes, madam, says his lordship, I have *two*. Then answer'd the lady, I suppose you are *Jack of both sides*.—Ay, madam, says he, (a little chagrin'd) and I have a "back-side too."—That I did not know, my lord, says she; but every body knows "your lady has one."

Some gentlemen riding over a common by a turf-cutter, enquired the way to Guildford; when he had directed them right, they ask'd what time o'day it was? The man looking up to the sun, told them it was ten. But one of the gentlemen taking out his watch, said it was not ten yet; *Then*, says the fellow, "you may ride till it is and be pox'd, if you will; if you knew better than me, why did you ask the question?"

An author after reading an extreme bad play to Quin, ask'd his opinion of it. He told him it would not do by any means. I wish, says the author, you could advise me what is best to do with it. "That I can, *says* Quin, blot out one half and burn the other."

It was said of a country 'squire at his return from his travels to France, by which he was greatly altered tho' not in the least improved, that "he went thither a leaden image, but was returned one of plaister of Paris."

A poor fellow condemn'd, told the late justice Burnet, it was hard laws to be hang'd for stealing a horse. No, friend, says the judge, you are not hang'd for stealing a horse: but that "horses may not be stolen."

A certain nobleman being call'd to Scarborough to drink the waters, as he was walking one morning, met Dicky Dickenson, and civilly ask'd how he did? "Do! my lord," replied he; "I do as many of you noblemen do, I have turned off my wife, and keep my whore."

A lady belonging to a wealthy parish in London, having had the misfortune to bury several of her family in a little time, the sexton brought her a bill, which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some abatement, and tendered him five shillings less than he had charged. The sexton eyed the money, and at length took it up, saying, "as you have been a good chap, madam, and I expect more of your custom, I'll take it for this time, but I really can't afford it."

T H E E N D.



